# COPYRIGHT 1915 BY OTIS F. WOOD

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Sanford Quest, master criminolog, st of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Mariougal, the murderer of Lori Ashleigh's brother, to recover the student skeleton of an authropoid ape, burried to Afrs. Rheimholdt's reception, where he distinger of hands without arms or body, a black box later appears from nowhere in his rooms and a note contained in it, signed by the armiless hands, sarcastically suggests that the Rheimholdt diamonds and the skeleton are destroyed in the Rheimholdt diamonds and the skeleton are destroyed in the Rheimholdt diamonds and the skeleton are destroyed in the findent sweleton are destroyed in the findent sweleton are destroyed in the findents suddenly reappear, enclosed in the sumkey-man and skeleton are destroyed in the findents suddenly reappear, enclosed in the special suddenly reappear, enclosed in the sumkey-man and skeleton are destroyed in the findents suddenly reappear, enclosed in the sumkey-man and skeleton are destroyed in the findents suddenly reappear, enclosed in the sumkey-man and skeleton are destroyed in the findents suddenly reappear, enclosed in the sumkey-man and skeleton are destroyed in the findents suddenly reappear, enclosed the finding way down, took out his electric torch from his pocket and brushed the stur away. Then he clambered to him face ways. Then he clambered to him face ways. Then he clambered to him face ways. Then he clambered the from his pocket and brushed the stur away. Then he clambered to him face ways. Then he clambered the from his pocket and brushed the stur away. Then he clambered to him face ways. Then he clambered the form his pocket and brushed the stur aways. Then he clambered to him face ways. Then he clambered to him face ways. Then he clambered to him face wout. Often I have sloped in as you did. Laura, That is Macdougal

## FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

### AN OLD GRUDGE.

### CHAPTER X.

C ANFORD QUEST was smoking his after-breakfast cigar with a relish somewhat affected by the measure of his perplexities. Early though it was, Lenora was already in her place, bending over her desk, and Laura, who had just arrived, was busy divesting herself of her coat and hat. Quest watched the latter impatiently. "Well," he asked.

Laura came forward, straightening

her hair with her hands.

"No, go," she answered. "I spent the evening in the club and I talked with two men who knew Craig, but I couldn't get on to anything. From all I could hear of the men, respectability is his

middle name."

"That's the professor's can idea,"

"That's the professor's can idea,"

"Say, I've heard of you, Mr. Quest,"

tured to drop a hint that Craig might
not be quite so immaculate as he
no

horrified in my life. He assured me that Craig was seldom out of his sight, that he hadn't a friend in the world nor a single vicious taste."

"We're fairly up against it. boss."
Laura sighed. "The best thing we can do is to get on to another 'ab. The Rheinholdt woman has got her jewels back, or will have at noon today. I bet she won't worry about the thief. Then the professor's moldly old skele-

intellects are often apt to hit upon the truth, when a man who sees too far ahead goes wrong. Rule Craig out. Any other possible person occur to you? Speak out, Lenora. You've something on your mind, I can see." The girl swung around in her chair.

There was a vague look of trouble upon her face. "I'm afraid you'll laugh at me," she

began tentatively. "Won't hurt you if I do," Quest re-

plied. "I can't help thinking of Macdougal,

Lenora continued falteringly. "He has never been recaptured. I don't know whether he's dead or alive. He had a perfect passion for jewels. If he is alive, he would be desperate and would attempt anything. Quest smoked in silence for a mo-

"I guess the return of the jewels squelenes the Macdougal theory, he re-marked. He wouldn't be likely to part with the stuff when he'd once got his However, I aiways meant, when we had a moment's spare time, look into that rellow's whereabouts. We'll ake it on straight away. Can't do any harm."

'I know the section boss on the railway at the spot where he disappeared,' Laura announced.

Then just take the train down to handcar to go down the enora and I will come on in the auto-

can't run any risk of there being no train back. You'd better be making good with the section boss. Take plenty of bills with you."

his own preparations. From his safe he took one of the small black lumps of explosive to which he had a small black lumps "Good luck to you". fore owed his life, and fitted it carefully

in a small case with a coli of wire and clectric lighter. He looked at his an electric lighter. He looked at his revolver and recharged it. Finally he rang the bell for his confidential valet. "Ross." he asked, "who is there else here today besides you?"
"No one today, sir."
"Just as well, berhaps." Quest observed, "Listen, Ross. I am going out now for an hour or two, but I shall he back at midday. Remember that.

Mrs. Pheinholdt and Lispector French

Mrs. Rheinholdt and Inspector french are to be here at 12 o'cieck. If by any chance I should be a few moments late, woman from the Salvation Army will call too. You can give her this chees." call, too. You can give her this chees."
Ress Brown, who was Quest's secretary-valet and seneral factorium acepled the slip of paper and placed i

in an envelope.
"The are no .. ther instructions, sir" he inquired.
"You!! Quest replied. "You!! look

"None," Quest replied out for the wireless, and you had bet-ter switch the through cable and tele-graph communication on to head-quar-Come along, Lenora." waiting automobile, and drove rapid-ly towards the confines of the city.

Quest was unusually thoughtful. Lenora, on the other hand, seemed to have lost a great deal of her usual self-composure. She seldom sat still for more than a moment or two to

work with you. You saved me from despair. Sometimes it seems to me that life now opens out an entirely new vists. Yet since this matter has been mentioned between us, let me tell you one thing. I have known no rest, night or day, since we heard of —of James' escape. I live in terror. If I have concealed it, it has been If I have concealed it, it has been at the expense of my nerves and my strength. I think that very soon I could have gone on no longer."

Quest's only reply was a little nod. Yet, notwithstanding his imperturbability of expression, that little nod was wonderfully sympathetic. Lenora leaned back in her place well satisfied. She felt that she was understood.

By Quest's directions the automobile was brought to a standstill at a point where it skirted the main railway line, and close to the section house which he had appointed for his rendezvous with Laura. She had apparently seen their approach, and she came out to meet them at once, accompanied by a short, thick-set man whom she introduced as Mr. Horan

whom she introduced as Mr. Horan "This is Mr. Horan, the section

bet she won't worry about the thief. work, these New York police." he determined the professor's moldly old skeleton was returned to him, even if it was burnt afterwards. I should take on something fresh."

"Can't be done," Quest replied shortly. "Look here, girls, your average on what I mean when we get along-You may be right," Quest admitted. Anyway, we'll start on the job.

scetion boss turned round and ed. From a little side track two The men jumped on to a handcar, and brought it round to where they were standing. A few yards away the man who was propelling it—a great red-headed Irishman—suddenly ceased his efforts. Leaning over his pole, he gazed at Quest. A sudden ferocity darkened his course face. He gripped his mate by the form.
"See that bloke there?" he asked, pointing at Quest.

"The guy with the linen collar?" the other answered. "I see him."
"That's Quest, the detective," the
Irishman went on hoarsely. "That's the man who got me five years in the pen, the beast! That's the man I've been looking for. You're my mate, Jim, eh?"
"I guess so," the other grunted. "Are you going to try and do him in?"
"Now then you follows" Haven. shouted.

w then, you fellows, Horan ad . What are you hanging about for, Red Gallagher? Bring the use up. You fellows can have a for an hour. I'm going to take carriage up. You fellows smoke for an hour. I'm go her down the line for a bit. her down the line for a bit.

The two men obeyed and disappeared in the direction of the section house.

Quest looked after them curiously. "That's a b'g fellow," he reman "That's a big fellow," he remarked.
"What did you call him? Red Gallagher? I seem to have seen him be-"He was the most troub'esome fellow

Then just take the train down to mountways—that's the nearest spotand get busy with him. Quest directed, and get busy with him. Quest directed, and get busy with him to loan us the that seems to have taken the spirit out I believe I was in the case," Quest

mobile."
"Take you longer." Lenora remarked, as she moved off to put on her lacket. "The cars do it in a quarte, of an hour."
"Can't nelp that," Quest replied. "Mrs. Rheinholdt's coming here to "They ambled down the line for about half a mile. Then Horan brought them to a standstill.
"This is the spot," he declared. "Now if you want my impressions you have."

"Now, if you want my impressions you are welcome to them. All the search has been made on the right-hand side of bills with you."
"Sure! That's easy enough," Laura eye on that hill for a long tin promised him. "I'll be walting for impression is that he hid there."

> ercise in hill climbing.
> "Good luck to you." the boss ex-claimed. "You'll excuse my waiting? It ain't a quarter of a mile back to the road, and I'm going a bit further inspecting

Quest slipped something into his hand and the little party left the track, crossed the road, scrambled down a bank and spread out. In front of them was a slope some hundreds of feet high, closely overgrown with dwarf trees and mountain shrubs. It was waste land, uncultivated and uninhabited." Quest made a careful search of the shrubs and the ground close to the spot which Horan had 'ndicated. He pointed out to his two companions the

leaves clinging to her skirt.

that guy of a section boss told

for more than a moment of two together. She was obviously nervous and excited.

"What do you propose to do with me?" Quest asked her once. "You seem all degets."

"I can't help it," she confessed. "If can't help it," she confessed. "If the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished fat on his stomach, crawled a little capture of the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. An inch or two of tweed was clearly vished by the same time Latra called out. The tweed with this chap."

The man moved to the signal. Another work that do you propose to do with me?" Quest asked.

"You'll know soon enough," Red Gallagher answered. "A matter of five days that the top of the signal. The turn-of the down that the

"and I will stay with her."

Quest glanced at his watch.

"That's all right." he declared. "I'll have to get, but I'll send someone along. Cheer up, Lenora," he added kindly. "Look after her, Laura."

"Get there then. I'm a yard behind you and my revolver's pointing for the middle of your back."

Quest looked at it anxiously.

"You have the air, my red friend," he remarked, "of being unaccustomed to it those delicate weapons. Do keep your fingers off the trigger. I will walk to have delicate weapons. Do keep your fingers off the trigger. I will walk to handcar house and talk with, you with pleasure."

He sprang lightly down from the road, crossed the few intervening yards and stepped into the handcar house.

Gallagher and his mate followed close behind. Queest paused on the threshold. "It's a filthy ditty hole," he remarked. "Gan't we have our little chat out here? Is it money you want?"

Gallagher glanced around. Then with an ould recover, he struck him fully push of the shoulder he scent Queest reeling into the shed. His great form blocked up the doorway.

"No, he cried fiercely. "It's not money!"

Gallagher glanced around. Then with an ugly push of the shoulder he scent Quest reeling into the shed. His great form blocked up the doorway.

"No, he cried fiercely. "It's not money!"

What he came slow the came slow life the came slow life. That is where of the property which is what the property which is what the property which is what the property will be a suppose you must find the interfer-ence of an amateur like Mr. Quest a back the property which is what the property will be a suppose you must find the came slow life. That is more the came slow life the came slow life the came slow life. That is where of the regist. The gallagher's mate for some time. The suppose you must find the interfer-ence of an amateur like Mr. Quest sent the cop, and whith life that your job. "We want the cop, and white least him." It is suppose you must find the interfer-ence of an amateur like Mr. Quest sent the cop, and whith life that your job. "We want the c

stolen again?" she gasped.

The inspector made no reply. He had

"Hello; Any one there?"
There was no reply. He opened the loors of the two rooms on the right

hand side, where Quest, when he was

engaged in any widespread affair, kept a stenographer and a telegraph opera-

turned toward Quest's study on left hand side. French was a man

iron nerve. He had served time in the

roughest quarters of New York. He had found himself face to face with every

sort of crime, yet as he opened that

door he seemed to feel some premoni

tion of what was to come. He stepped across the threshold. No power on earth could have kept back the cry which broke from his lips.

The curtains of the window which

and the light was none too good. It was

without difficulty the details of a ghastly tragedy. A few feet away from the door was stretched the body of the

secretary-valet. On the other side of the room, lying as though she had slipped from the sofa, her head fallen

on one side in hideous fashion, was the body of Miss Gales the Salvation Army young woman. French set his teeth and

drew back the curtains. In the clearer light the disorder of the room was fully revealed. There had been a terrible

There was suddenly a piercing shriek.

his advice, was standing on the thresh-

"Inspector!" she cried what has happened? Oh, my God!"
She covered her face with her hands. French gripped her by the arm. At that moment there was the sound of an automobile stopping outside.

"Keep quiet for a moment," the in spector whispered in her ear, "Pull yourself together, madam. Go to the

other end of the room. Don't look. Stay

there for a few moments and then get home as guick as you can." She obeyed him mutely, pressing her

nands to her eyes# shivering in eyer imb. French stood back inside the com. He heard the front door open, he

heard Quest's voice outside.
"Where the devil are you, Ross?"
There was no reply.
The door was pushed open. Quest en

ered, followed by the professor ar Craig. The inspector stood watchin their faces. Quest came to a standstil

"Inspector!" she cried "What has

who had disregarded

struggle. Between whom? How?

inspector turned

out onto the street were drawn

for him, however, to see ifficulty the details of a

tor. Both rooms were empty

sufficient

drawn from his pocket a little pass key

The professor pushed past. He had loosed around the room, and gazed at the two bodies with an expression of blank and absolute terror. Then he fell back into Craig's arms.

"The poor gir!" he cried. "Horrible! Horrible! Horrible!"
Craig led him for a moment to one side. The professor was overcome and almost hysterical. Quest and French were left face to face.
"Know anything about this?" Quest

"Know anything about this?" Quest asked quickly.
"Not a thing." the inspector replied.
"We arrived, Mrs. Rheinholdt and I, at five minutes past twelve. There was no answer to our ring. I used my pass key and entered. This is what I found."
Quest stood over the body of his valet for a moment. The man was obviously dead. The inspector took his handkerchief and covered up the head. A few feet away was a heavy paperweight.
"Killed by a blow from behind," French remarked grimly, "with that little affair. Look here!"
They glanced down at the girl, Quest's

They glanced down at the girl. Quest's eyebrows came together quickly. There were two blue marks upon her throat where a man's thumbs might have

"The hands again," he muttered.

The inspector nodded.

"Can you make anything of it?"

"Not yet." Quest confessed. "I must The inspector glanced at him curlous-

"Where on earth have you been to?" he demanded.
"Been to?" Quest repeated.
"Look in the mirror!" French sug-

gested.
Quest glanced at himself. His collar had given way, his tie was torn, a button and some of the cloth had been wrenched from his coat, his trousers were torn and he was covered with dust, "I'll tell you about my trouble a little later on," he replied. "Say, can't we keep those girls out?"

They were too late. Laura and Leonora were already up the threshold. Quest swung round toward them.

"Girls," he said, "there has been some." gested.

"Girls," he said, "there has been some rouble here. Go and walt upstairs, enora, or sit in the hall. Laura, you had better telephone to the police sta-tion and for a doctor. That's right, sn't it inspector?"
"Yes!" the latter assented thought-

Lenora, white to the lips, staggered a few feet back into the hall. Laura set her teeth and lingered.

"Is that Ross?" she asked.

"It's his body," Quest replied. "He's been murdered here, he and the Salvation Army girl who was to-come this morning for her check."

Laura turned away half dezed

Laura turned away half dazed.
"I'd have trusted Ross with my life,"
Quest continued, "but he must have
been alone in the house when the girl rame. Do you suppose it was the isual sort of trouble?" Inspector French stooped down and came.

picked up the paper-weight. Across it was stamped the name of Sanford Quest "This yours, Quest?"

Everything in the room is mine "The girl would fight to defend her-elf." the inspector remarked slowly but she could never strike a man such a blow as your valet died from Once more he stooped and picked up small clock. It had stopped at elevenfteen. He looked at it thoughtfully. fifteen. ask you a question "Why not?" Qu Quest replied looking

"Why not:
quickly up.
"Where were you at eleven-fifteen?"
"On tower No. 10 of the New York
Central, scrapping for my life," Quest
enswered grimly. "I've reason to re-

Something in the inspector's steady gaze seemed to inspire the criminologist with a new idea. He came a step forwith a new idea. He came a step for-ward, a little frown upon his forehead. "Say, French," he exclaimed, "you on't-you don't suspect me of this?" French was unmoved. He look Quest

# "I don't know," he said. (Continued Next Sunday.) HE BALD SPOT THAT WOULDN'T COME OFF

# It Was War To the Finish

If you find dandruff on your coat collar it's simply Nature's danger signal of coming baldness. Soon it will be too late, and "the bald spot that won't come off" will make its appearance.

Avoid the use of cocoanut oil or preparations containing alkalis. Soaps and other alkalis foam, so be on your guard, as they tend to dry the scalp. Go to O'Donnell's Drug Store, 904 F street, and ask for a 50c bottle of Speiser's Scalp Tonic. Use it according to directions and in a reasonable time dandruff, falling hair, and scalp irritation will disappear and the natural growth of the hair will be promoted. Mr. O'Donnell is so confident of the merits of this preparation that he offers to return your money if it



"You bet!" that young woman declared somewhat brusquely. 'Quest hastened along the road to the spot where he had left the car. The

up and climbed to his seat. Quest took Drive to the office," he ordered The man slipped in his clutch. were in the act of gliding off there was a tremendous report. stopped short. The man jumped down

and looked at the back tire he remarked, laconically. Quest frowned. How long will it take?"
"Four minutes," the man replied, "I've got another wheel ready. That's the

queerest blow-out I ever saw, though, two men leaned over Quest's expression changed. His hand stole into his hip pocket!"
"Tom," he explained, "that wasn't s blow-out at all. Look here!"
He pointed to the small level hole.

Almost at once he stood back and the unshine flashed upon lutched in his right hand.

"That was a bullet." he continued. Someone fired at that tire, Tom, there's trouble about." The man looked nervously around. "That's a rifle bullet, sure," he mut

The car was drawn up by the side of the road, a few yards past the section house. A little way further up was the tool shed, and beyond, the tower house. There was no one in sight at either of these places. On the other side of the road were clumps of bushes, any open which would prove sufficient for a man in hiding.

Get on the wheel as quick as you an," Quest directed. "Here, I'll give

the road.
"Pitch him off amongst the bushes,"

fairs. Don't you remember me, ch? Red

Gallagher?" "Of course, I do," Quest replied coelly You garroted and robbed an old man chauffeur, who saw him coming, started and had the spree of your life. The old man happened to be a friend of mine, so I took the trouble to see that you paid

> for it. Well?" for it. Well?
>
> "Five years of hell, that's what I had,"
> the man continued, his eyes flashing, his
> face twitching with anger. "Well, you're going to have a little bit more than live This shed's been burnt down wice, sparks from passing engin-It's going to be burned down for the "Going to make a bonfire of me, ch?

Quest remarked. "You can sneer, my friend," the man growled. "You've had a good many com-fortable years of wearing fine clothes and smoking 25-cent cigars, swaggering about and hunting poor guys that never did you any harm. This is where we are going to get a bit of our own back. See here! We are locking this door—like that. It's a lonely bit on the line. The men in the tower never takes his eyes men in the town of the signals and there ain't a soul in sight. Me and my mates are off to the section house. Two minutes will see us there and back. We're going to bring a can of oil and an armful of waste. Can you tell what for, eh? We're going to burn the place to a cinder in less than three minutes, and if you're alive when the walls come down, we'll try a when the walls come down, we'll try a will trembling, but they knew their tob. In a few minutes the wheel was off the signals and there ain't a goul

than three minutes, and if you're silve when the walls come down, we'll try a little rifle practice at you, see?"

"Sounds remarkably unpleasant."
Quest admitted. "You'd better hurry or the boss will be back."

Gallagher finally slammed the door.

Gallagher finally slammed the door.

Gallagher hard the heavy footsters of the control o

can, "quest directed."

It was one of his rare lapses, realized a moment too late. Almost in his ears came the hoarse cry:

"Hands up, guvnr!" Hands up this second or I'll blow you to hell!"

Quest glanced over his shoulder and looked into the face of Red Gallagher, raised a little above the level of the road. He had evidently been hiding at the foot of the perpendicular bank which divided the road from the track level. A very ugly little revolver was pointed directly at Quest's heart.

"My mate's got you covered on the live of the strong through the opening and ran for sprang through the opening and the properties the sprange through the opening and sprange through the op spot which Horan had 'indicated. He pointed out to his two companions the spot where the grass was beaten down and a few yards further off where a twig had been broken off from some overhanging trees, as though a man had pushed his way through.

"This may have been done by the police search," he remarked, "or it may not Don't spread out too far, girls, and go slowly. If we find any trace of lames Macdougal on this hillside, we are going to find it within fifty yards of this spot."

"They searched carefully and deliberately for more than half an hour. Then Laura suddenly called out. They look-laura suddenly called out. They look-laur Behind him on its Mr. French," she exclaimed, making

coat to show his official badge.
"Stop the freight," he shouted to the operator. "Quick. I'm Santord Quest, me to look out for caves. I've been in me to look out for caves. I've been in me, sure chough! Only just saved my-self."

They hurried to where she was:

"Yay, that guy or a section looks told amongst the busnes, operator. "Quies. I'm samorg queet, letterive—special powers from the chief commissioner."

The man moved to the signal. Another voice thundered in his ears. He turn-voice thundered in his ears. He turn-voice thundered in his ears. commissioner."
The man moved to the signal. Another voice thundered in his ears. He turn-voice thundered in the ears ton of the ton

this? moment. The last car was just

neath. The gap between it and the previous one was slipping by. He set als teeth and jumped on to the smooth top. For several seconds he struggled madly to keep his balance. He felt himself slipping every minute down to and was fitting it into the lock. The door swung open. Once more they were both conscious of that peculiar silence, which seemed to have in it some unnamable quality. He moved to the foot of the stairs and shouted:
"Hellor Any one there?" the ground which was spinning by Then his right heel caught a bare ledge all He set his teeth, carefully stretch ed out his hand and gripped the back of the car. Then his knees touched something—a chain. He caught it with his other hand. He lay there, crouching, gripping whatever he could, his linger nails breaking, an intelerable pain n his knee, death spinnning on either

Back behind the tower Red Gallagh r and his mate bent with horrified aces over the body of the signalman. "What the hell did you want to dug him for?" the latter muttered. olug him for?" the latter muttered, 'ile ain't in the show at all. You've ione us. Red. he's cooked! Red Gallagher staggered to his feet. Already the horror of the murderer was in his face as he glanced furtive-

never meant to drop him," he d. "I got mad at seeing Quest That man's a devil." muttered. "What are we going to do?" the other demanded hoarsely. "It's a quiet spot this, but there'll be someone round before long. There goes the damaed signals already," he exclaimed

away from the city. Quest heard the heavy footsteps of the two men as they turned toward the section house. He drew a little case from his pocket. They drove clumsily off, gathering speed at every yard. Behind in the shadow of the tower, the signalman lay dead. Quest, half way to New York, stretched flat on his stomach, was struggling for life with knees

# CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Rheinholdt welcomed the in-"How nice of you to be so punctual.

room for him by her side, "Will you before he had passed the threshold. He tell the man to drive to Mr. Quest's looked upon the floor and he looked house in Georgia square?" house in Georgia square?" The inspector obeyed and took als place in the luxurlous limousine. "How beautifully punctual we are! he continued, glancing at the clock 'Inspector, I am to excited at the idea of getting my jewels back. Isn't Mr Quest a wonderful man?"

"That's your point of view, of course," Mrs. Rheinholdt remarked. "I can think of nothing but having my diamonds back. I feel I ought to go and thank the professor for recommending Mr. Quest." The inspector made no reply. Mrs. Rheinhold, was suddenly aware that she was becoming a little tactless.
"Of course," she sighed, "It is dis-

spector with a beaming smile as he stepped out of his office and approach ed her automobile.

"He's a clever chap, all right," the spector admitted. "All the same inspector admitted. "All the same I'm rather sorry he wasn't able to lay his hands on the thief.

"My God!" he muttered. COCAL LENSING 1-3 off on Oculists Prescriptions Large Size Toric Lenses: the new

lens curved to the shape of \$1.50 the eyeball. Per pair...... \$1.50 Our Bifocal Lenses, which combine far and near sight in \$1.00 ADOLPH KAHN, SE F St. NW.